

The Wind of the Stars

Story: The Wind of the Stars

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Summary: For Akiko's One-Shot! Ivan reflects on the stars.
Read and Review!

***Chapter 1*: The Wind of the Stars**

The Breeze rustled quietly across the grass, causing the blades to undulate alone in the dark. Bands of stars streaked across the sky, forming clumps and clouds that stretched far, far into infinity.

And Ivan looked up at all of them, lying on the highest hill in town.

"They go on forever... on until infinity." He looked up at them, his eyes tracing the sky for something indiscernible, like an old friend who's face one only barely remembers. He pointed at one, tracing out a pattern in the sky shaped oddly like a horse. "Pegasus is easy to find tonight," he mumbled. His finger glowed a dull violet, and the smoky lines he traced stayed in midair longer than they should have. He connected a horse right above his face, and soon a man right over his chin. "Orion the hunter," he whispered to the night sky. "Taurus. Cassiopeia. Ursa Major. Pisces. Lynx." He continued, tracing and naming the stars with a passion that soon had the air immediately about him glowing with purple shadows, and leaving him grinning.

He stopped. His arm dropped back to his side with a soft thud, and the smile fell off his face.

"And they go on forever; with or without me. Or her."

But why did he have to live and die, leaving everyone he loved behind? Why did the stars get to go on, to continue burning long after he will have turned to dust? He felt so small, defenseless to the world. Everything was so large, so He wanted to be a constellation, remembered by people for

eons as a legend placed in the stars, an immortal connection to the earth below.

Don't go getting yourself worked up, Ivan. There isn't anything you can't do, in time. Someday you'll be important. Someday people will remember you as a person who made a difference. And she... she'll always be watching over me.

There was a rustle in the bushes down the slope of the hill, and the snap of a twig. *Ah, the wind is great tonight.* Ivan got up, brushed off the purple clouds, some still clinging to his cloak and blonde hair, and started walking down the hill.

A tiny pair of lavender eyes flashed in the bush down the other side. "Oh, don't worry Ivan. The day comes when you will save the world. And I will help you do it."

The Breeze slowly whipped away, playing at Ivan's cloak.